

## New Plant Pathology Lab. Will Combat Plant Diseases

**Estimated Cost \$50,000—Is Link in a Chain of Federal Plant Disease Research Laboratories—Will Fight Root-rot of Wheat**

The new Plant Pathology building, situated just south of Pembina Hall, will, upon completion, afford increased facilities to our rapidly growing Faculty of Agriculture.

So important is the root-rot problem and other economic plant diseases, that negotiations closed last February resulting in the erection of this laboratory for research work on plant diseases. The building is a two-storey frame structure, supplemented by two large modern glass-houses in which the work will be carried on. These are equipped with constant temperature control apparatus and other necessary equipment. The estimated cost is place at \$50,000, met by the province with assistance from the National Research Council.

Work is rapidly being finished upon it, and it is hoped that the next ten days will see it completed. When ready the building will be jointly occupied by Dr. A. W. Henry, Dr. O. S. Aamodt and Mr. Foster, all members of the University's Department of Field Crops, and Dr. G. B. Sanford from the Federal Division of Botany, whose headquarters are at Ottawa.

Dr. Sanford's arrival marks the first inclusion of the Province of Alberta in a chain of Federal plant disease research laboratories that stretches across the Dominion. The central laboratory is in Ottawa, and others are to be found at Charlottetown, P.E.I., Kentville, N.S., Fredericton, N.B., St. Catharines, Ont., Winnipeg, Saskatoon, Summerland and Vancouver.

The Federal laboratories at Vancouver, Saskatoon and Winnipeg are

located at the university in their respective provinces, and co-operate closely in each case. Here there will be further co-operation with the University of Alberta. The problem of root-rot of cereals, particularly wheat, is first to engage Dr. Sanford's attention. In Manitoba all the Federal work on rust is being undertaken.

Root-rots are occasioned by soil-inhabiting fungi. Their principal damage to the wheat plant occurs just prior to its maturity. Root-rot was responsible for the loss of several million bushels of Alberta wheat in 1927.

Dr. Sanford took his undergraduate work in the U. of A., and was connected with the Faculty of Agriculture after his graduation in 1920. Since obtaining his Doctor's degree in Minnesota he has spent two years in charge of the Dominion Laboratory of plant pathology at Saskatoon.

Associated with him here will be Mr. W. C. Broadfoot, a graduate from the University of Saskatchewan, who is newly returned to Canada from work towards his Doctor's degree in Minnesota. A third appointment is yet to be announced from Ottawa.

### JUNIOR ELECTIONS

The Junior Class Elections are being held today, from the following slate:

President: W. D. Cutsungavich, Worthy Hoover, F. E. L. Priestly.  
Vice-President: Grace Dunlap (acclamation).

Secretary-Treasurer: Al Russell (acclamation).

Executive: Miss D. Kerr (acclamation), H. W. Morrison, W. B. Parsons, H. D. Surplis, F. Wintemute. (Two to be elected.)

MacDonald, convener; Art Willis, Dr. Baden Powell, Gordon McLatchie, Mac Webster.

It will be the task of this committee to put on the Varsity Ball during Christmas week, to be held at the Palliser Hotel. From accounts of the first ball, given last year, a tremendous success should be assured. Christmas week is chosen for the time in order that the large number of University students and graduates out of the city at the present time may have an opportunity to attend.

Plans are on foot to make this event one of the season's events, and it is understood that to a number of debutantes it will be the raison d'être. Applications for ticket reservations are already being received, so that a capacity crowd is to be predicted.

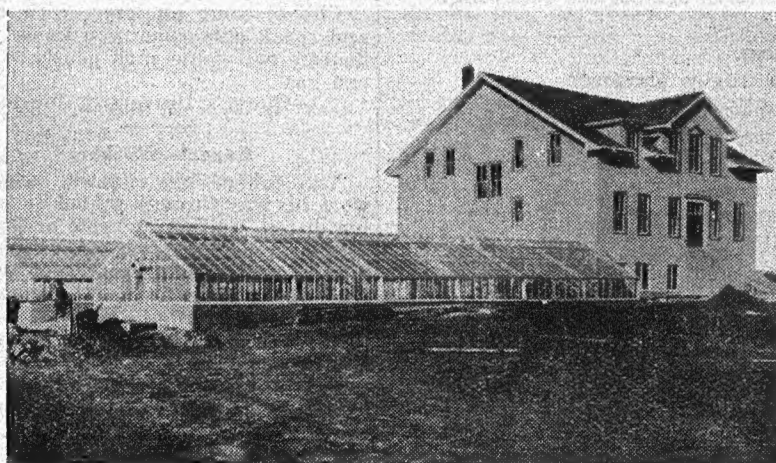
It was particularly pleasing to see the enthusiasm present the other night, with everyone speaking about the days at Varsity with its many joys and few sorrows. Many times one could hear, "Do you remember when . . . ?" and the ringing laughs that followed clearly indicated that many of the old experiences were very vividly imprinted upon each one's mind.

A drive is now commencing for increased membership, and it is confidently expected that at least two hundred will be paid up before the New Year.

Miss Mary Cooper (Com. '26), the retiring Vice-President, entertained at tea on Sunday, October 14th, for both the outgoing and incoming executives. The boys all voted it the best ever for, as they stated afterwards, they certainly did get enough to eat. This was a very interesting get-together, and reminiscing into the past brought forth the irrepressible gales of laughter.

After the election of new officers a Dance Committee, composed of the following, was elected: S. G.

## NEW VARSITY BUILDING



PLANT PATHOLOGY LAB  
Where our scientists will fight plant diseases.

## Famous British Actors Will Visit Edmonton Next Month

**Stratford-on-Avon Festival Company, Accomplished Shakespearean Interpreters, Will Play Here for Three Days, November 15, 16 and 17**

The Stratford-upon-Avon Festival Company will arrive in Edmonton on Thursday, November 15th, for a three-day visit. Such visits are all the more welcome because they are somewhat rare in these days of Ring Lardner and Clara Bow. We may thus count it a great privilege to be able to hear these accomplished interpreters of Shakespeare. They come to us direct from the longest and most successful spring and summer seasons they have ever played in the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford-upon-Avon. This theatre was erected almost fifty years ago, and has since become the centre of Shakespearean drama in England. Once before, in 1913-14, a company from this theatre crossed the Atlantic. The present company, installed in 1919, is paying its first visit to Canada, under the direction of F. Ray Comstock and Morris Gest. While here they intend to present four plays: "The Taming of the Shrew," "Hamlet," "The Merchant of Venice," and "The Merry Wives of Windsor."

### Address at Varsity

Not the least interesting part of this visit is the advance agent of the company, Alderman Archibald Flower, who is now touring Canada, and who will arrive in Edmonton on October 29th. Mr. Flower, for six years mayor of Stratford-upon-Avon, is Chairman of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre. He is Chairman of the Governors of Shakespeare's School, and also

Chairman of the Trustees and Guardians of Shakespeare's Birthplace. Realizing the interest of university students in Shakespeare and his works, he has very kindly consented to give an address on Room 158 Medical Building, at 9:30 a.m. on Wednesday, October 31st. This will be particularly for students of English 2, but is open to all those who may care to come. Mr. Flower has an extremely interesting personality. In addition to being a lover of literature and a true gentleman, he is a noted sportsman and very fond of horses and the chase. I am sure that an hour with him will be well spent.

### A Rare Opportunity

So let us turn out and give our distinguished visitor a royal welcome, and let us go to hear the famous company which he represents. For the movies, like the poor, we have always with us, but it is not every day that we have an opportunity to listen to artists of such calibre. And after all, is it not our duty, as the so-called educated part of the community, to set a standard? If we choose the lower forms of entertainment, what can be expected of others? And it is not only to those taking English that this applies, but to all who wish to call themselves students at all. To be sure, the movies are entertaining and amusing. But they contain nothing of the real essence of life, which is what we as students are supposed to be seeking.

## Big Outdoor Pep Rally to be Held Friday Night on Campus

**Dr. Alexander, Coach Sterling, Rugby Players and Others Will Address Enthusiastic Rugby Supporters—Varsity Orchestra in Attendance**

"The old order changeth," and as the students finish their dinner Friday night they will have a chance to attend the first Big Outdoor Rally ever held at the University of Alberta. The time, 7:00 p.m., and the place, on the campus in front of Assiniboia Hall. A huge bonfire is being built by numerous sturdy and willing Freshmen at the north end of the campus; the enthusiasts who attend this gigantic rally will be seated on the slope of the bank which forms a natural amphitheatre at this point. The blazing fire will be situated just across the road, and behind this there will be a platform from which the evening's entertainment will be given. A few snappy dance numbers will be offered by the Varsity Orchestra, and they will also present the new university fight song "Alberta." Dr. Alexander, who has attended a great many of these rallies in large colleges, will give a short "pep" talk. A few new novelty yells designed to replace those worn out from long use, will be demonstrated and practised. The Varsity team will occupy a place in the front row, and during the programme will be introduced to the crowd. At this time a few words might be given by Coach Wally Sterling, Captain Freddie Hess and Manager Roy Thorpe.

This is the first thing of its kind at the University of Alberta. Let's make it a success in order that it may become a tradition.

Below are given Alberta's new fight song and one of the new yells: **Alberta (Song)**

Old U. of A. we're behind you,  
We're backing you up to the last,  
And when the call comes for battle  
You will find that our hearts are  
steadfast.

So let us go to the conquest,  
Raise our proud banner on high,  
For the Varsity will never be beaten  
When our motto is do or die!

**Whispering Oski (Yell)**  
(Whisper)

Oski Wow Wow  
Whisk Wee Wee

Holy Bucky eye  
Holy Bucky eye  
Alberta Wow  
(Yell)  
Oski Wow Wow  
Whisk Wee Wee  
Holy Bucky eye  
Holy Bucky eye  
Alberta Wow

### SENIOR PRESIDENT



ERIC STUART

Popular law student, who was elected President of Class '29 by acclamation.

### SENIOR CLASS ELECTION RESULTS

President: Eric Stuart (acclamation).

Vice-President: Jean Campbell.

Secretary-Treasurer: Gillis M. Levell.

Executive: Herbert E. Morris, Peter Kilburn, Victor Gowan, Robt. J. Brown.

## Alberta Takes on Manitoba In Critical Game Saturday

**First Clash of the Season Between the Brown and Gold and Varsity—Manitoba Brings Along a Strong Team—Close Game Expected**

Everything is set for the most important game of the season—Manitoba vs. Alberta at the grid, Saturday, October 27. A win for Alberta will place the Green and Gold in a fine position to cop the intercollegiate championship, while a win for the boys from Manitoba will send them to the top of the league, where they will remain until Alberta tackles the Brown and Gold team at Winnipeg on November 12. If Varsity wins from Manitoba here on Saturday the worst she can do by losing both her remaining games is to tie the Winnipeg gang for the leadership. A loss of two games on the trip to Saskatoon and Winnipeg would be most unwelcome, and moreover, we don't expect any such thing. Last year Manitoba went through the league without having a single defeat registered against her—a thing she can't do this year, but Alberta can! A clean sweep for Alberta is more than a possibility, and the Alberta team would be more than pleased to avenge two defeats at the hands of Manitoba last year. The best way to start is get off on the right foot by registering a win against Manitoba on Saturday.

### Manitoba Is No Cinch

But the Brown and Gold team is not an easy one to knock over for a defeat—any such idea should be buried and forgotten. Rumours from Winnipeg about the break-up of last year's great rugby team and other gloomy reports centering around the departure of the famous Andy Blair, have darkened Manitoba's rugby prospects. But it isn't so bad at all: Andy Blair is gone, 'tis true, but Dan Dojack is back and going, and so is Frank MacDonald, last year's quarter, now starring in the backfield. Here are the men who will oppose Varsity. The team's average weight is 167 lbs. They are fast and know football, and their coach, Fred Ritter, can be depended upon to bring along a good team. The Green and Gold is going to find the going tougher than against Calgary last week.

### Look 'Em Over

The following players will probably make the trip:

1—Robson, captain, 175; an old Varsity star, well known in the west.

2—Sutherland, half; 170; experienced in senior rugby with Varsity.

3—Campbell, middle; 190; a newcomer, husky and big.

4—Moyes, E., guard; 180; played senior last year; big and fast.

5—Wallace, middle; 185; junior last year; a fine plunger.

6—Reycraft, fine middle and guard; 190; Red needs no introduction.

7—Bell, end; 155; a graduate of the juniors, one of the fastest ends in the league, about the size of Mickey Timothly.

8—MacNeill, quarter; 145; a mere kid, but has played for years.

10—MacDonald, half; 150; the star of the team; was quarter last year, and as such needs no introduction.

11—Dojack, half; 155; crack broken field runner; last year's senior.

12—MacLean, snap; 155; junior last year; injured, but expects to play.

13—Half, 150; junior graduate, sprinter, runner.

14—Grayston, half; 150; newcomer.

16—Tessler, middle; 180; plunger, fast and heavy, new.

17—Stratton, middle; 190; newcomer; plays fair game.

18—Bely, half; 150; untried to any extent, but is fair.

19—Miller, quarter; 145; tricky, but light.

20—Clowney, half; 150; fastest

tricky star, basketball player, senior last year.

21—Hull, middle; 185; junior last year, sturdy plunger.

22—Musgrone, middle; 175; heavy, newcomer of hockey fame.

23—McKibbin, end; 180; last year Argo's player, junior champions.

24—Faucet, half; 170; new to game.

27—Chown, guard; 165; fast but light.

28—Dudley, half; 160; new, is turning out nice player.

30—Masson, guard; 175; a real player in nucleus.

### Alberta Presents

Alberta will present practically the same team that played so brilliantly against Calgary, with the addition of last year's star captain, Bob Hill. McCallum, who broke a rib Saturday, will not play, and it is also unlikely that the mainstay, Gurth O'Brien, will see action on account of an injured knee. Dud Menzies twisted his ankle again and may not be a starter, but Barney Barnett is back again. Otherwise the team is intact and Coach Sterling has a real team to present.

## FRITZ KREISLER CHARMS EDMONTON

**Large Crowd Hears "Dean of Violinists"—Programme Fully Appreciated**

Fortune of the students who were fortunate enough to hear Kreisler play at the Empire theatre last night carried away memories of a wonderful evening and the conviction that Kreisler fully deserves his title of "The Dean of Violinists." Indeed, the remark made by one member of the audience that "it was all too short" aptly describes the concert.

The reception accorded to the violinist was most enthusiastic, and his playing throughout the evening was such as to fully have merited it. The first two portions of the programme, consisting of one comparatively long selection each, were excellently performed, but it was in the third section, made up of a number of shorter airs, some being his own arrangements, that Kreisler seemed at his best.

At the close of the concert he was called back for three encores, one of which was a beautiful waltz of his own composition. Even after the playing of "God Save the King" the audience could not refrain from applauding.

Kreisler is extremely fortunate in having as his accompanist Carl Lamson; the two worked together wonderfully, and the net effect was a concert such as has not been heard in Edmonton for a long time.

This was Kreisler's first concert since the recent injury to his finger, which forced him to cancel his engagement in Winnipeg, and it is extremely gratifying that it had recovered sufficiently to enable him to play here, for otherwise the people of this city would have been deprived of a wonderful experience.

### NOTICE

Will all students kindly remember that when they take more than one copy of The Gateway, they are depriving someone else of theirs. If the practise goes on, it will be necessary to station a guard. Eight hundred copies are placed for distribution in the Arts Building, 400 in the Med, and 100 at the Hospital. Please take ONE.

## First Union Meeting of Term Passes Budget Without Parley

**Budget Appropriations Eight Hundred Dollars More Than Last Year—Special Meeting to Discuss Committee's Report on Change of Government Next Friday**

(History was made at the first Students' Union meeting of the year, held on Tuesday morning, when the budget was passed without any discussion.)

The next meeting will be held on Friday, November 2nd, when the report of the Committee appointed to suggest a new form of student government will be presented.

A special issue of The Gateway will appear next Monday, publishing in full the findings of the Committee.)

A meeting of the students was held in Convocation Hall on Tuesday morning for the purpose of considering the budget.

Before the budget was presented, Dr. Wallace addressed the meeting. He said that he very much appreciated his position of honorary president, and expressed a desire to

assist whenever he might be of any service. He also stated that it was the duty of every person to spend some time in public service, and students who are wise will spend a portion of their time in student union activities.

After the President's address, the minutes of the meeting of April 3rd were read and adopted.

The treasurer was then asked to present the budget. After correcting a few errors, he presented it in detail. The meeting was then thrown open for discussion. There were no objections, and the budget was adopted.

It was announced that a meeting of the students would be held on November 1st, and a change in the student government considered. There will be a special issue of The Gateway dealing with these.

## Notes From Calgary

Time makes many inroads upon the ranks of those struggling upward to the light, and it is often our query: "What happens to those who have graduated after leaving Varsity?" Many of us have felt while at the University that the student body is not sufficiently in touch with the rapidly increasing number of alumnae. In order to alleviate this situation somewhat, the executive of the Calgary Branch of the Alumni Association has seen fit to gather together bits of news of some of the "gang" in or about Cowtown.

"Wednesday, the 10th, at 6:30," were the words printed on the circular letters sent out to the alumni here in the city. A ready response was given, for 55 of the old boys and girls sat down at President Walter Herbert's (Arts '23 and Law '26) festive board for the annual meeting and dinner.

The fact of all lit up when Walter introduced into our midst our genial old friend Stan Barker (B. Com. '26, M.A. Harv. '28), who kept everyone in excellent humor with inimitable and irrepressible style of the salesman, out of which Stan told us he was trying to graduate.

After a very hearty repast and a few of the tiresome reports were made, the election of officers took place. Those at the tiller for the next year follow:

D. P. McDonald (Arts '26, Law '28), President.

Miss Sada Kiteley (Arts '26), Vice-President.

S. G. MacDonald (Arts '25, Law '28), Treasurer.

Miss Helen Armstrong (Arts '24), Secretary.

Jim Laurie (Agric. '26).

Jean Auger (B.Pharm. '26).

Lenore Walters (Arts '28).

Dr. Dave Haworth (Dent. '28).

Mildred Hall (Arts '21).

After the election of new officers a Dance Committee, composed of the following, was elected: S. G.

## WHAT DO YOU THINK?

DO YOU CONSIDER IT PREFERABLE TO POPULATE CANADA RAPIDLY BY ACCEPTING ALL-COMERS, OR SLOWLY BY ADMITTING ONLY SELECT PEOPLE OF BRITISH, OR NORDIC STOCK?

H. Erlich, Ag. '30—I consider it preferable to populate Canada not too rapidly by accepting all-comers.

A. W. Holloway, Sci. '32—I consider it preferable to accept the majority of all-comers and to populate the country quickly.

Margaret Hord, Arts '31—Everybody but Orientals.

G. C. Hamilton, Sci.—I consider it more desirable to populate the country slowly by admitting only select people of British stock. The fact that a country is, or is not, well populated, does not necessarily make for individual welfare.

Phyllis Hart, H.Ec. '32, and Dorothy Riley, Arts '32—Nobody but Nordic and British; but it's too late now.

Ruth Brown, Arts '32—All but Southern Europeans and Orientals.

John E. McIntyre, Arts '29—I don't much care; but I think it's time this column was given its R.I.P.

Ada Johnson, Arts '32—Does anyone think immigration should be allowed without selection?

G. H. Craig, Arts '30—The Canadian nation can be built up from a mixture of races, just as England's was. Canada needs population; so why stop immigrants on account of their nationality?

Vera Palmer, Com. '29—Why bother me with that?

Dorothy McCay, Arts '32—Emphatically select only from British and Nordic races.

Alice Garbutt, H.Ec. '32—Admit people from every race, but not everybody from every race.

Gerald Burke, Arts '31—In my opinion the immigration of Nordic Peoples should be strongly favoured. Just think of all those blondes—!





## THE GATEWAY

The Undergraduate Newspaper published Weekly by the Students' Union of the University of Alberta.

Gateway Office: Room 102 Arts Building. Phone 32028.

Editor-in-Chief ..... M. H. Halton  
Associate Editor ..... K. Conibear  
Managing Editor ..... H. H. Hutton  
News Editor ..... Lawrence Alexander  
Sports Editor ..... Hugh Morrison  
Women's Editor ..... Leyda Sestrap  
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## UNIVERSITY SPIRIT

A "Pep Rally" will be held tomorrow night to stimulate general interest in our rugby team and our rugby fortunes, and to create a more tangible and enthusiastic university spirit than is now in evidence. Track and rugby triumphs, aided by just such events as this rally, will undoubtedly aid the creation of this "spirit."

But, after all, what is the true "University spirit?" Is it that urge which periodically sends students on mad "rah-rahing" rampages and which is inspired by athletic prowess or theatre parties, or initiation or Med Nites? If it is nothing more than these things—with all due respect to them on their own merits—then it must seem that "University spirit" is a superficial and empty and short-lived thing indeed. The true University spirit has its basis in the cultural and academic development of the University, and is formed from tolerance, mutual discussions, and worth-while associations, and from the realization that in the University more than anywhere else the noblest ideals and the greatest ideas of the centuries are being offered to us. Surely the knowledge that we are all searchers after "the best that has been known and thought in the world," should be a high enough incentive to University spirit. And undoubtedly it is such an incentive, although the feeling so generated does not express itself so readily as that based on athletic victories.

While boosting our teams to the limit, then, and encouraging in every way possible these outward manifestations of zeal, may we not forget the real meaning of the much-abused term, "University spirit."

## A PLEA

To one who cares to peruse the editorial and correspondence columns of last year's Gateway many complaints will appear about disfiguring objects on the landscape of the campus and the interior of the buildings. These complaints have been well grounded; there are many objects which are repulsive to the aesthetic feelings; and they have been helpful: it is only by publicly drawing attention to these ugly spots that we can hope to get a unanimity of opinion against them sufficient to arouse the necessary agitation to get them removed or replaced. Such a consensus of opinion has, we think, been brought about by the publicity given these matters.

But, we ask, of what use is it? Until we practise what we preach, how can we expect any remedy? For what reason should those who are set in authority over us believe us to be in earnest in our demand for the removal of ugly objects when they see us, in unconscious, care-free vandalism, tramp over the grass, although there are enough sidewalks on the campus to reach, laid end to end, some half-dozen times around the gridiron?

Our excuses for mercilessly treating the green and tender herbage may be many. We may at times be in danger of arriving late at a lecture, and take some short cut, considering it more expedient to damage the lawn than to sully our own good name. It may be, again, that the campus is, so much of the time that we see it, either dried and brown or white with snow that we do not appreciate the injury done by our footsteps repeatedly falling in the same lines on its surface. Or it may be that our heads are so full of metaphysics and mathematics that we deign not to cast our thoughts so low as the ground; wherefore the uneducated people of the ordinary world have taste enough to complain of the sign-boards reared for their edification, while we, the elite and erudite, crush beauty under our feet.

But, however expedient or natural it may be and seem to take short cuts across the grass, no excuse justifies the practice as long as we raise complaints against the disfiguring marks on our campus. Let us be consistent; let us either cease to injure our lawn, or accept without grumbling all the hideous sights which the convenience of business chooses to heap before our eyes.

## THE DEGENERATION OF PLEASURE

The truest pleasure is to be found in spontaneity. Consider the dance: Perhaps the first dancer was the man who could not keep still in the excitement of having killed his first wild boar. Later he observed other men leaping about after the hunt. It became a habit, and the particular kind of antics they performed took definite form and came to be called a dance—a dance of exultation. Any kind of excitement made these men restless and they got quite into the habit of expressing their emotions through action. They learned many dances, and each dance, whether performed in sorrow or gladness, was a pleasure inasmuch as it gave them relief. Music was invented, and this came to provide the stimulus for action. The antics were modified and lost their true meaning. Ages passed; dancing degenerated into a habit, then into a social accomplishment; emotional stimuli were metamorphosed into canned jazz; and the dances of delight, of grief, and of love came to be called the fox-trot, one-step and waltz. . . .

There once was a Golden Age at Varsity: Unreal as it may seem, the students used to dance for pleasure. Their "major dances" were nothing more than jolly affairs, organized spontaneously, where people got together to have a little fun, to dance with anyone who would suffer them, and to kick up their heels according to their moods. (Witness the



Wurra, wurra, Wurro! for another Casserole! And were it not for the fact that we don't crave death at the hands of Cass' Board of Governors, we'd say, "And how!"

The fiat has gone forth against the following:

Teas.

Come-hither glances.

"Oh, I just adore rugby players!"

The great open spaces.

"Girl of my dreams, I love you . . ."

"So we gets another bottle . . ."

"My girl, she is a queen . . ."

Movie captions—especially "Came down."

Liberty Magazine.

John—Do!

Helen—I won't!

John—You will!

Helen—I won't!

John—I say you will!

Helen—I say I won't!

John—You will!

Helen—I won't!

John—You will take it straight—there's no ginger ale left!

Did you hear about the girl who was called arrow because she quivered before every beau?

And we guess that Freshette was called Sprinter because she was fast on every lap.

"I hear you broke your engagement to the aviator."

"Yes, I caught him plane around."

First: "D'jew ever shee me b'fore?"

Second: "No."

First: "Then how do you know it's me?"

Things we learn at college:

That they may be straight, and yet have swell curves.

That the student body is entrancing in silhouette.

That Lady Macbeth's exasperated exclamation, "Out damned spot," is often modernly re-echoed after an evening auto ride.

That "armae virumque" may have been all right in Vergil's time, but that nowadays the start of any popular epic is "Legs and the woman."

That the story about Mother Goose is only a fable, and that someone spoofed us long years ago about the functions of the stork.

That it's a long lane that has no yearning.

Ambrose (at 3 o'clock in the morning, after walking all around a lamp-post): "God! I'm walled in!"

Frosh: "What would you do if you had ten cents and a buggy top?"

Soph: "I'd get a fine-toothed comb."

The members of The Gateway staff wish to say that they all fully appreciated the clinical report which was left in the office last Saturday.

Was D. P. MacDonald thinking of the rugby game, or of something that begins with "B," when he gave the porter his two quarters instead of his two big nickles, on the way up from Calgary?

Mary had a little lamb,  
With her it used to frolic,  
It licked her cheeks in play one day  
And died of painter's colic.

happy affair in Athabaska Hall during the great epidemic of 1918.) But changes occurred. Soon it was thought necessary to decorate the dance hall, and hosts vied with each other for the name of best decorator. Then the dancers had to decorate themselves, and formal dress became the vogue. Having gone to all this expense and bother, each dancer went to further bother by booking dances to ensure a pleasant evening. At first he booked a few days ahead, and now he books weeks in advance of the appointed evening. Dancing has become a chore. Ladies grow hysterical in their yearning for a bid. Strong men break down and weep under the strain of booking dances, of finding their partners and their partners' partners in the crush of humanity that meekly obeys the inexorable punctuality of paid musicians. Their jazz is prescribed, their style of dancing is prescribed, their dress is prescribed, their partners are prescribed.

But pleasure cannot be prescribed. Dancing has lost its spontaneity.

—E. M. J.

## THE MODERN PHENOMENON

An editorial on this page last year voiced a sentiment of thanksgiving for the freedom and tolerance we have in comparison to that existing in the southern colossus. After reading a recent news story to the effect that in a certain city in Oklahoma the school board had prohibited teachers from attending dances, and had enacted that they go out only one night a week, we cannot help reiterating that sentiment, and thanking the powers that may be that Canada has not yet reached a stage of development which permits such events as the Scopes Trial, the "release" of Leopold and Loeb, the Chicago law-enforcement failure, the prohibition debacle, and the ridiculous ordinance above-mentioned.

We do not wish to appear in the "holier than thou" rôle, and far be it from us to suggest that Uncle Sam's government call out the military and get down to a little steady law-enforcement, but we cannot help wondering into just what kind of a phenomenon the United States of America is fast drifting. We wish we could read the history books of fifty years from now.



Pointers for Would-be Intelligentia  
Don't try to make people think you've read everything.

Decide either to agree or disagree with Mr. Mencken and stick to it.

Be parsimonious with your opinions.

Choose your audience with care, and speak only when you know your hearers will value such pearls as you can cast.

—Queen's University Journal.

## Expert Workers

The college student who used to work his way through school by washing dishes, waiting on table or shovelling ashes, now plays a saxophone, acts as a crack salesman, says James W. Armstrong, dean of men, at Northwestern University. Even the part-time worker, says this dean, has become a specialist and no longer need scurry about in search of any sort of work that may be open to him. The working students, he says, are average in their grades and scarcely ever fail. Dean Armstrong credits the student workers with an appreciation of education unknown to students who are supported.—New Student.

Melvin Kenny and Bernard Alexander, the Canadian Overseas debaters who sailed recently for the British Isles, will not attempt to ape the British methods of debating upon their tour. To try to beat Oxford and Cambridge at their own game would be sheer folly, so they will attempt only to adapt themselves to the different audiences they address.

The tour is being arranged under the auspices of the National Federation of Canadian University Students. Mr. Kenny and Mr. Alexander will be gone something over three months, in that time covering the greater part of the British Isles, debating against both university and non-university speakers.

The Oxford type of debating is that type which is fostered by extemporaneous speaking, attempting to amuse rather than convince or instruct an audience. Epigram is more valued than deep thinking. The Americans, on the other hand, have reduced debating to a science, working it out beforehand as they work out their football plays before a game. Debaters go into "training" with a debating coach and a card index system. The Canadian system, as far as it can be characterized at all, is a combination of the American and English, and it is this type that the overseas debaters intend to follow.—McGill Daily.

Yale has abandoned the honor system in examinations as a university policy. The fall sessions in all classes except academic freshmen and the Sheffield school will have supervised examinations. There will be no more examinations given at which at least one instructor is not present in the capacity of proctor.

You can get rich without an education as Ford and Edison did—if you're a Ford or an Edison.—The Argosy Weekly.

## A Post Office Romance

Liberty, New York.  
Friendship, Maine.  
Love, Virginia.  
Kissimmee, Florida.  
Ring, Arkansas.  
Church, Iowa.  
Home, Oregon.  
Bliss, Nebraska.  
Boise, Idaho.

—The Argosy Weekly.

A system of studying athletes in a psychological laboratory with the purpose of making use of the best materials on the squads is used by the University of Illinois.

—Minnesota Daily.

A campaign for proper building is being launched at the University of Manitoba. The latest scene was enacted when representatives invaded the Premier's office and presented him with a stone which they declared to be the corner-stone of the desired new building.

## A Drama in One Scene

Characters:  
Students, a Premier.

Students:  
Oh Hear! Oh Hear; we are come here

To beg of you a boon;

The time is due for buildings new—

Oh! will we have them soon?

Premier:  
In twenty years, my little dears,

Perchance you'll have your wish.

I think if you do longer sue,

You are a lot of fish.

Students:  
Oh! hear our wail, give us the jail,

You must fulfill our wants.

Some labs. we need, some rooms,

indeed,

Retort not with your taunts.

We've suffered long, you've done us wrong,

We must be satisfied;

So please come through, hand out the dough,

For which we long have cried.

Premier—getting mad:  
Now run away, and cease your

bray,

And bother me no more.

As I have said, ere I am dead

You'll have new buildings in the

stead

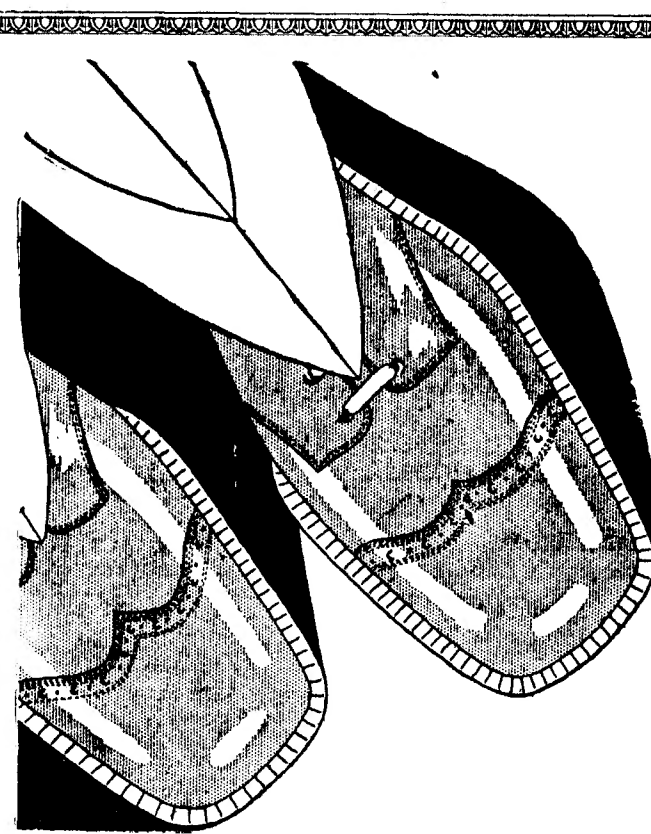
Of that old shack which rears its

head

Upon your ugly campus.

Good-bye, please close the door.

Students leave, gnashing their teeth in futile rage.



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## CHARLEY'S ANT

By K.

It was mid-afternoon of an extremely warm day a few weeks ago when four people appeared simultaneously, in pairs at each end, on the High Level bridge. The couple proceeding southward were two young men, each carrying in one hand an apparently heavy suitcase, in the other a musical instrument. Conventionally dressed in all the superfluous clothes of Varsity men, they were finding the heat most burdensome.

"Whew!" said George, leaning his banjo against the railing. "Let's stop and look at that train going overhead."

"Let's not," I replied, walking on. "We'll have to make some speed to get settled in our rooms by supper time."

Without further discussion we trudged on till George, lagging a little behind, called:

"Look at that rock in the river," pointing towards a familiar stone rising out of the water near the south shore. "That never used to be there, did it?"

"Sure, always."

"How do you know?" He leaned his banjo against the railing. "You've not been alive always." He eased his suitcase onto the pavement. "How do you know?"

In response to such a question my only possible answer was, "Come on, we're in a hurry."

**Awake, O Muse!**

In the meantime the other pair approached at an even slower pace than ours, their steps not so much hindered by luggage as by convention. Indeed, all they carried was a small bag of sweets in the hand of the maiden, a young lady's coat on the arm of the youth; but if their conversation was not of more weighty things it was none the less pleasant, and their steps tarried long.

It was with mingled emotions that George and I watched their approach—emotions which the pen faintly would describe, but which, the hand realizes, have been so much felt of late by all its readers, that it dare not allow an attempt at their description, lest it become too evident how inferior is art to experience.

"Great Caesar's spook, just look who's coming!" exclaimed George, stopping and leaning his banjo against the railing. "The first of them all we see is Charley Delaware walking over the High Level bridge with Miss Robertina Walpole," he continued, easing his suitcase to the pavement. "Is not that a spectacle to please the sickened eye?"

**Enter Charley's Ant**

"Whither away?" was the first question I asked of my friends after all greetings had been exchanged. "We're going to see my ant,"

Charley replied.

"Yes, we're off to the station to see Charley's ant," repeated Miss Walpole, with a twinkle in her eye. "You'll come with us, won't you?"

"Not now," I objected. "We must hurry over and get settled. You'll have to give our apologies to your ant, Charley; but later—"

"Speak for yourself, John; I'm going with them now," interrupted George. "You can carry my suitcase to Assiniboia if you want."

"I don't. I'd rather go myself."

"O, you will, won't you?" pleaded Miss Walpole.

After many refusals I yielded at length to the combined persuasions of the three; and off we went, sweets coat, banjo, guitar, suitcases and all, back across the bridge.

On the way to the station our conversation dwelt mainly on holiday experiences—travel, work, or pleasure. The subject, having once strayed away from Charley's ant, did not return again. Consequently we were almost at the depot before I inquired of Charley whether it was "your Aunt May" (whom I had once met) that was expecting him.

"No," he replied, "I don't think you've ever made her acquaintance. Indeed you may never have heard of her: there are a good many people who don't know my ant Chenezerina."

Stunned by the name, I made no reply; George, as usual, said nothing; Miss Walpole, with her face turned away from us, was unusually quiet; and in silence we passed through the doors to the waiting room.

**Exit Charley's Aunt**

"What," I asked, as soon as George and I were seated, one on each side of Miss Walpole, waiting for Charley to return with his ant, "what is Charley's aunt like?"

"Oh, I can't say. I've not seen her yet," she replied. "But I imagine she is getting old: Charley says she can't walk up straight and has to go around on—well, on hands and knees, you might say."

"Indeed!"—a pause for reflection. "But she can still take nourishment, can she—I mean she has a good appetite—that is, she eats well?"

"Yes, most heartily," Miss Walpole replied, "but only boiled rice, Charley says."

"She should try puffed wheat," put in George, by way of conversation.

A very broad smile amply repaid him for this suggestion.

"She has other peculiarities too: she washes her face most carefully about once in every hour. But there—that's Charley's footstep I hear behind us now, isn't it?"

It was. While Miss Walpole was still flicking a piece of dust off her sleeve and George was still running his fingers through his hair, Charley appeared. He was carrying in his hand a small blue box, which opening suddenly he displayed a large black and red ant, a sight which abruptly closed my mouth in the midst of saying, "Couldn't you find her?" and opened Miss Walpole's to say, "How cute!"

**Stung**

Half an hour later two figures might be seen at the station waiting for a Manitoban professor for whom one had brought a curious insect upon which they gazed as it washed its face most carefully in the confines of a small blue box. At the same moment two other figures could be seen proceeding southward over the High Level bridge, each carrying in one hand a very apparently heavy suitcase, in the other a musical instrument. The conversation of the first pair, albeit not of weighty mat-

ters was none the less pleasant; that of the second was highly learned, being an acrimonious dissertation on the phonetic distinction between "ant" and "awnt." This latter conversation did not take a more pleasant turn till the happy appearance of several young gentlemen remarkably clad in outstanding garments of green and gold, who, on the order of a more sanely dressed individual who seemed to exercise much authority over them, relieved our friends of their burdens.

## IF—

Of all damned words the poets sing  
The "if" is Jack, and Queen, and King.

Perhaps, to give its rightful place  
We ought to rate it as the Ace—  
And as for explanation, I  
Will do my best to tell you why.

Now, I can't claim to know all the virtues of that common little two-letter monosyllable. If I did, I wouldn't be here. If anyone else does, I sure would appreciate meeting them, if they were willing.

That little word has always intrigued me. If I remember rightly, the first poem I ever learned featured it prominently, though in orthodox mid-Victorian fashion—

"If 'ifs' and 'ands', etc."

Now, I always regard the first word in that little fragment of doggerel as typical, remarkably so, of mankind's attitude. If I was not certain of it, I wouldn't have written this.

You and I all know the man who prefaces all his remarks, past, present and future, with an "if." Doubtless he is a personal friend of yours, ranking above even the "Yes, yes, man."

He is to me. Very much so. If I am not listening to him in person, then the likelihood is that I am ruminating on his advice. He is full of "ifs," much after the manner of a hound dog and a quorum of fleas.

Nothing in the past but would have been different, if it hadn't been the way it was. The present—Oh, if the Almighty had only turned His thumbs down when some certain individual had made his debut on this earthly stage! The future, if it comes the way he wants, will be perfect. If he ever gets the chance he will do this, say that—and "if" about it afterwards.

It is quite possible, if I do not misquote certain literary critics, that Shakespeare, if he had not encountered the "dark lady," would not have allowed his name to be attached to the sonnets and poems and dramas that Bacon wrote. That is, if he really wrote 'em.

(Editor's note:—Why don't you ask him?)

(Author's note:—You'd better—he doesn't like me.)

If the world keeps moving along on its hitherto careless course, eminent scientists tell us, in a few more aeons of ages, we (or our descendants, if they are living) will find it has ceased rotating. Very ingenious, though simple, if true, History as it is made, is full of "ifs." If it wasn't so, there wouldn't be any history, and a lot of Arts students would be forced to sit around idle during sundry periods which at present are filled to their own great profit—if they avail themselves of the chance.

Now, if you don't mind my repeating it, I don't know a great deal about the subject. If you have had the patience to read down to here, you will, if perfectly candid, agree with me. Even if you haven't read this you would. If I did know all about it, I wouldn't have bothered writing this. It wouldn't have been necessary, if such were the case. Also, if I am not mistaken, there would be plenty of others more capable of explaining it in understandable fashion.

But what's the use of knowing, if you keep quiet about your knowledge? I ask you!

—O. R. WRAY.

## SUMMER SNAPSHOTS

By M.

Now that autumn is with us again, summer holidays and summer conquests are being discussed and rediscussed until everyone in the building knows what everyone else has been doing all summer. Now is the time to bring forth the snapshot album and illustrate these recitals. The following is a scene taken in one of the residences last Sunday morning:

"Come in! Oh, is that you, Gladys! Sit down! Move some of the things off that chair and make yourself comfortable. Pardon? Oh, nothing in particular—what have you been doing? By the way, you haven't seen my snapshot album, have you? Move your chair over a little closer to the table. Now—here we are! This is a bunch of us taken at the beach last summer—no, that's not I in front, that's a girl who was staying with us; she doesn't look a bit like me, really, but she seems to in the picture. I am in the back; you can't see my face because that woman's hat hides it, but that's my shoulder there, the one in the spotted dress (that was an awfully cute dress, really, too bad it doesn't show up more in the picture). Now this one was taken in the car on the way to the beach; no, I'm not there—I took the picture. No, I don't think you know any of the girls there. Yes, it is good, isn't it? This is a snap of me swimming. Yes, I think it's nice. It's a little too far off to see who it is unless you know, but the picture is clear and sharp. I had a lovely time the day that snap was taken—do you remember Jack Jones, and Mary and Emily and Bob? Oh, I forgot! You didn't know them, did you? This picture? Oh! that's Kay and I. We felt silly that day, so we just turned our backs when Jean was ready to snap the camera; it made rather a blur, didn't it? Now, I

think this is one of the best snaps I have. We were on a picnic, you know, and we wanted to look natural for a change, so we went right on with our lunch while the snap was being taken. That is Myra bending over the lunch basket. Yes, it's a pity you can't see her face. Here I am drinking tea. I am not boring you, Gladys, am I? Tell me when I do. Yes, they are nice to have, looking them over brings back the summer, in a way. Here's one I was looking for. You remember me telling you about Hazel? Well, this girl is a cousin of hers, and the one at the end went to the same school as she did; they were very good chums, and this girl was a friend of my brother's. Yes, I'm there, at this end. Here's another; was fishing that day, and I had just put in my line when—oh, you don't have to go, do you, Gladys? What a shame! Come back sometime and we'll finish looking at these."

This kind of pest—the camera-bug—is only too common around the campus at this time of the year. They are bad at any time, but in the fall they have so much to talk about, and they are never so uninteresting as when they want to take several of our precious leisure hours to show us scores of people whom we have never seen and never want to see, and whom we would never recognize from a snapshot anyway.

There is only one way to deal with a pest of this sort, that is, buy a camera of your own take your revenge next fall.

## The Pig's Eye

Would you die for the dear old Alma Mater? Do you love birds? Would you take a drink if offered one? These are important questions which the progressive college man must face. What do we advise? Come to the rally and you'll have an idea. You might even have two if you have the capacity.

To be brief, we present to you something different and unique in the routine of university life; something quite as entertaining as the annual petting marathon, the snake dance or play-nite. A rally is a gigantic pep-meeting which has for its purpose the creation of a live Varsity spirit and whole-hearted enthusiasm for the teams who represent us. It is sponsored by the Rooters' Club and led by cheer leaders who know their business.

Friday's rally will be honored by the presence of a prominent fraternity man who comes to Alberta from one of the largest and most progressive American universities. He brings with him a thorough knowledge of the methods that have made U.S.C. renowned for college spirit and winning teams. The two are inseparable. Come out and see what can be done for Alberta. (Further details are given elsewhere.)

Having nothing important to do on Saturday night we directed our falling arches towards Emil Jannings and "The Patriot." Comfortably ensconced between a child with adenoids and a couple who are since married, we trust, we watched the great Emil act as he has never acted before.

Pictures based on Russia, past and present, have rarely lacked action, and in many cases downright brutality. "The Patriot" has all this and in addition a mad Czar, Paul I. Paul's hobbies, we gather, were of a somewhat homicidal tendency, and Jannings has not spared himself in

**Rupert Brooke**  
Immortal voice of England's fighting men,  
Calling to comrades, men who are to be—  
True spirit of each English field and fen,  
Each silver stream, each swaying flower, each tree,—  
Voice that will live, though in a foreign field  
Dust richens dust, and mingles with the rest,—  
Voice that will live, though early hushed and sealed  
By that grim death,—we hear thy clear behest!

We honor thee, but mourn for that we lost—  
The life so young an eager, strong, robust,  
The life that loving England, served and fell.  
The voice and England live, despite the cost,  
But may the rearer of that richest dust  
Be worthy of the right to toll the knell!

—J. Robert Herbin, in Acadia Athenaeum.

portraying the fantastic monster. At times he is grotesquely funny and at other times compellingly majestic. Leaving his ministers in the midst of an audience, the great obese hulk goes charging through the palace in search of his mistress. This beautiful bit of frailty, by the way, almost caused us to renounce our faith in the single standard. Again he is trying to match a button on his uniform and chances to catch a glimpse of himself in a mirror. A hysterical inspection of his horrible tongue and mouth follows for no good reason whatsoever. He beats his guards about the face for having twelve buttons on their leggings where there should be thirteen, not for the sake of discipline, but because it seems a good idea.

There are many such scenes, ranging from wholesale to pathetic moments when he is terrified by the genuine devotion of his own son. All, all are seeking his sorry life and he can rust only Pahlen, his Minister of War, who, meanwhile, plots the murder of his trusting emperor.

Lewis Stone is only fair as Minister of War and seems more oppressed by indignation than remorse. Florence Vidor makes an excellent background for the faithless Pahlen, but merely that. Neither approach Jannings.

Paul is murdered finally, which is not surprising, but there is one magnificent moment before his death. Hunted by his assassins, ringed round by foes, he flees to the throne room. There, seated upon the throne of Holy Russia, he crows his rebellious nobles. "By the will of God I sit upon the throne of all the Russians. Who dares to strike me now?" In that moment Jannings catches the spirit of Imperial Russia, terrible, splendid, deathless.

—H. D. S.

## PESTS

There are around the Varsity  
Pests of every brand,  
The kind of men and women  
Whom you cannot understand.

There is the pest who pesters us  
When we're all set to work,  
But always studies madly  
If we're prepared to shirk.

There is the pest who will not leave  
Altho' it's half-past ten,  
And we are scared that we'll be  
Fined—  
He says good-night again.

Then there's the pest who's making  
tea,  
And we are quite delighted  
When toast aroma fills the air—  
But—we are not invited.

There is the pest who borrows  
A five-spot when he's broke  
And then forgets to pay it back.  
That pest we'd like to choke.

We find the pest with scratchy pen,  
Each day, in every class,  
In front of us, behind us,  
And on each side, alas!

Then there's the pest in high-heeled  
shoes  
Click-clacking down the hall.  
If you should want to study  
You simply can't, that's all.

There is the pest who wants to  
make  
The lecture a duet,  
And argues loudly with the prof.,  
She thinks she's "teacher's pet."

And then there is the pest for whom  
We do not care a damn,  
Who shadows us as faithfully  
As Mary's little lamb.

Then there's the pest who always  
sulks  
Whenever you are gay,  
But talks and laughs whenever  
You're having your blue day.

But—of all the pests I've ever  
known  
The pestiest is he  
Who digs his elbows in your eye  
When drinking soup or tea!

—E. A. W.

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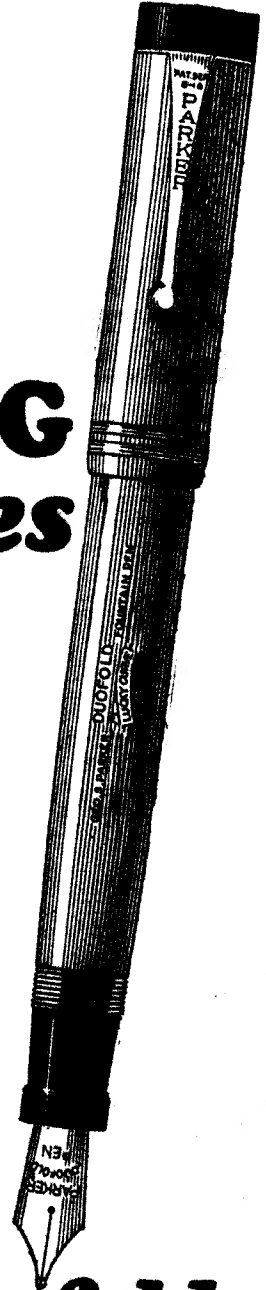
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# SPORTS



## Varsity Takes Calgary Tigers Into Camp to the Tune of 18-1

Green and Gold, Showing a World of Improvement, Cause a Mild Surprise by Their Decisive Win—Varsity Works Smoothly—Tigers Disorganized

### SUMMARY OF POINTS DURING GAME

Varsity	Calgary Tigers
First Quarter	
Touchdown (Runge) .....	0
Second Quarter	
Touchdown (Hess) .....	0
Kick to dead line (Hess) .....	0
Field goal (Hess) .....	0
Third Quarter	
.....	0
Fourth Quarter	
Rouge (Pittie) .....	1
Kick to dead line (Hess) .....	1
Rouge (Pearlman) .....	1
Kick to dead line (Hess) .....	0
Total.....	18
Total.....	1

### Lineup of Teams

Varsity—Centre, Hall; insides, E. O'Brien, Seibert; middles, Brown, G. O'Brien; outsides, Hutton, Wilson; quarter, Timothy; halves, Hess, Shandro, Runge, McCallum. Subs: Driscoll, McDougall, Prittie, Huxley, Menzies, Pearlman.  
Tigers—Centre, Ferguson; insides, Nisbet, Brown; middles, McLaren, Potter; outsides, Friend, D. P. McDonald; quarter, Henderson; halves, Fidler, Jenkins, McLeod, Semkowicz. Subs: Wright, Hall, Cromarty, Darroch, McCallum, Heacock, Johnston.  
Officials—"Red" McColl and Bill Broadfoot, Calgary.

The once-famous Calgary Tigers, presenting "the greatest rugby backfield to ever play in Alberta," did not quite come up to expectations at the grid last Saturday when they went down to defeat before Coach Wally Sterling's Varsity twelve by the rather lopsided score of 18 to 1. Outweighed about seven pounds to the man, the University boys out-generalled, out-guessed, out-ran, out-kicked and even out-bucked the yellow and black striped athletes from the south, and at no time during the game did the Tigers show much rugby form. Of course the Tigers are capable of playing better rugby, much better rugby indeed, but they had not imagined that they were going to encounter such stiff opposition as presented by Varsity, and when at the end of four minutes of play they found themselves five points down, the team cracked, and they were sadly disorganized for the remainder of the game.

**The Green and Gold Team**  
On the other hand the Green and Gold presented a Team with a capital T. They worked together in perfect co-ordination, and the line's efficient interference which gave absolute protection to the backfield men coupled with the uncorking of a bagful of scientific plays, made the Southerners a rather sorry looking aggregation for most of the game. The Tigers had their claws carved, their beards sheared and their teeth efficiently extracted and no doubt about it.

**Page Wally Sterling!**  
The Varsity team showed a smoothness and finish comparable to any team in the West, and their work was a painful surprise to many who had seen the boys in action a week before and thus laid money against them. Such smoothness and finish is directly due to one thing, and that is coaching, and good coaching. Our hats off to Wallace Sterling, who has made the team what it is! Last week's game against the Eskimos was anything but gratifying to the Green and Gold supporters, but following this Coach Sterling got down to brass tacks and put the boys through their paces every night—and each night was a real practice. Any man who bet against the University squad in Saturday's game would most certainly have not done so had he seen the gang in action at the practice on Friday. Wallace Sterling is a real coach, and we don't mean perhaps—nowhere was his handiwork more in evidence than in the team's display against the Calgary Tigers.

**The Calgary Big Guns**  
While the Green and Gold backfield worked throughout the game with a precision most welcome to the eyes, the far-heralded Calgary back

(Continued on page six)

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University of Manitoba .....	2	1	1	17	15	2	.500
University of Saskatchewan .....	3	1	2	16	25	2	.333

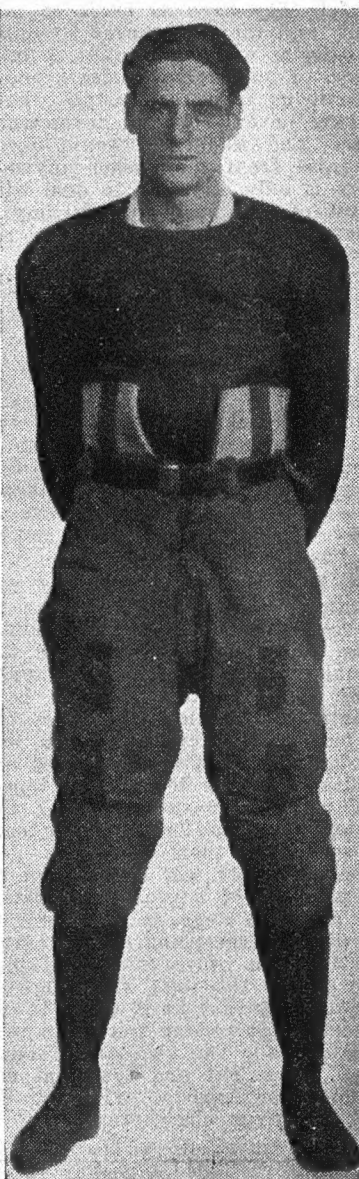
NEXT GAME: MANITOBA AT ALBERTA, SATURDAY, OCT. 27.

#### ALBERTA:

Edmonton Eskimos .....	3	2	1	27	25	4	.667
Calgary Tigers .....	2	1	1	19	22	2	.500
University of Alberta .....	3	1	2	24	25	2	.333

NEXT GAME: ESKIMOS AT TIGERS, SATURDAY, OCT. 27.

### FLEET-FOOTED HALF



"MICKEY" TIMOTHY

George Timothy, or to put it more familiarly "Mickey", is one of the Freshmen stars on the University rugby team, although he only boasts the modest poundage of 128 minus his rugby uniform. What he lacks in weight he certainly makes up in speed and ability, and his sureness in carrying the ball for several substantial gains has made him a valuable addition to this year's senior team.

Mickey is an Edmonton product who learned the game at Edmonton Separate High, and subsequently made a name for himself on Scotty Brown's Junior Eskimos.

Tim was one of the shining lights in the Varsity backfield in last Saturday's game with the Tigers. Time and again Mickey brought the crowd to its feet with his dazzling runs around the end and the time that he picked up a rolling Calgary punt with three men practically surrounding him and then made a clean getaway for 30 yards was one of the classics of the game. He is a find!

### SPORTING SLANTS

And now to applaud those to whom so much is due, but who receive so little.

The Varsity line was certainly a "wow." Crouched opposite a squad averaging 15 pounds heavier, they showed that quality expressed by a short monosyllabic word of Anglo-Saxon origin composed of four letters and meaning intestinal stamina. They neither received nor gave quarter; no, not even for a broken rib, fallen arch or bloody nose aplenty. Good old crocks. It was they who opened the holes for ten points. Saturday's victory must be largely attributed to them—for without a line no backfield can work effectively.

Big Al Hall was the most valuable man on the team. He filled his job both offensively and defensively. A nicer snap has not been seen here for a long time. Time placements are his specialties, and how! He paved the way for those who blocked the kicks.

Gurth O'Brien and Brown played a strong hard game. Both plunged

### CLOSE GAMES IN INTERFAC. RUGBY

#### Arts-Com-Law Win — Pharmacists Again Leading the League

In one of the best exhibitions of interfasculty rugby given this year the Arts-Com-Law representatives smeared the old whitewash brush over the Ag-Scis by the score of 5-0. The score is a pretty fair indication of the merits of the respective teams. The game was close all the way, and the Ag-Scis threatened to even up all the time, but luck was not with them.

The game opened with the Science men letting out a burst of speed which threatened to smother the hopes of the Arts, but costly fumbles lost them their opportunity. When within two yards of a touch they dropped the ball, and then were penalized 10 yards for an offside. Arts then took possession, and Stanley kicked the ball out of danger.

#### Arts Score a Touch

In the second quarter the Arts launched an attack which had the Ag-Scis up in the air. By a series of end runs they worked their way well into Science territory. It was at this point that McLennan kicked and a Science man muffed the catch behind his own line, allowing Kelz to fall on the ball for a touch. The try was not converted.

Throughout the second half play was fairly even, until the closing moments of the game, when the Ag-Scis made a brilliant rally to try and equal, but the Arts managed to hold them back, and the game ended with the score standing 5-0 for the Arts.

The game was featured by the kicking and running of McLennan, who was largely responsible for his team's victory. Kinnear, for the winners, turned in some nice tackling. For the losers, the efforts of Herron the Fleet deserve mention.

#### Medical Men Win

The first clash between Pharmaceut and Ag-Sci ended in favor of the former by the close score of 1-0. It rested upon "Red" Martin to fill the role of the hero by kicking to touch in the last quarter for Pharmaceut's lone point. It was a pretty effort, Red catching an Ag-Sci punt, and while on the run attempting a drop-kick. The drop just missed the uprights, but counted for what proved to be the only score in the game.

Up until the last quarter both sides were bucking well, with neither team having the finishing punch with which to cross the line. Herron starred for the losers, playing a very steady game, and making repeated gains.

### The Rugby Game

"Fifty yards, fifty yards, Fifty yards," said the quarter; All down the Varsity grid Strode our twelve snorters. "Buck for the line," he said, "Now for a touch," he said, Slow down the Varsity grid Bucked the twelve snorters.

"Buck for the line," he said—Was there a man dismayed? Not while the linesman knew Mickey was back there. Theirs not to make reply, Theirs not to reason why, Theirs but to buck or die—All down the Varsity grid Went our twelve players.

Tigers to right of them, Tigers to left of them, Tigers in front of them Stumbled and blundered. Tackling with shout and yell, Giving the Tigers hell, And didn't Hess boot it swell! Making the Tigers think There were six hundred. Plunged in the dust and smoke, Right through the line they broke; Linemen and halfbacks Reeled as from lightning stroke, Shattered and sundered.

When can their glory fade? Oh, the great runs they made! All the world wondered, Honor the Varsity squad, The twelve of them played, by God, Just like six hundred.

—J. W. A.

effectively and were sure tacklers.

Siebert turned in his best game this year. His gloves must have charmed him a way through the line.

MacCallum was also there with the goods. Didn't he hit them hard? The game will leave its impression on him for many moons. Sorry your rib was broken, Mac.

One word. This almost perfect line will be perfect on Saturday against 'Toba if they remember to keep down and hit 'em low. "But Brutus said, '....'

## VARSITY SOCCER SQUAD WINS 3-2

### Game Played Against Edmonton Normal School Was a Good Exhibition of Football

The rugby boys and the track team are not the only ones who can turn in victories. This was proven on Monday afternoon when the Varsity soccer team took the Normalites into camp in true championship style. The game was held on the campus in front of Pembina at 4:30, and considering the weather the boys provided a fair display of soccer; for 'twas a chilly afternoon, and many a knee was blue before the game ended. The score was 3-2, but this is a very poor indication of the play. Varsity had things all their own way, and from the first penned

up the Normalites in front of their own goal. They lacked finish around the goal, however. Normal made a few dangerous rushes, and two rather soft goals were scored by Captain Wilfred Gallimore. The Varsity goalkeeper didn't have enough work to keep him warm, so that when the Normalites finally got a shot at him the poor boy had no chance at all. Gishler starred for Varsity, and scored two goals, Donaldson accounting for the other one. On the whole, it was a good game and brought back happy memories of pre-rugby days. There was even a humorous touch here and there, as when Wilf Gallimore shouted to two faltering Normalites: "Surely two of you can take it off him!"

The opposing lineups were:  
Varsity—Foster, Gold, Carlyle, Cameron, Donaldson, Brown, McAndrew, Walch, Davies, Gishler and Newlove.

Normal—Campbell, Hornby, Gallimore, Kasnicz, Dean, Cromie, Barson, Wright, Ponich, Rife and Fedorki.

### NOTICE

There will be a practice of the University Orchestra every Friday afternoon at 4:30 p.m. in Convocation Hall.  
All new students will be welcome.

## Debate

### MEN'S COMMON ROOM

Resolved: "That no Faculty save that of Arts has rightful place in this University."

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## CHEAP LABOUR

By Percy A. Field

(The facts and figures quoted in the following article have been gleaned largely from a series of articles which ran through recent issues of MacLean's Magazine, and which were entitled "Can We Stem the Exodus?" In some cases whole sentences have been quoted verbatim. The writer wrote the following article last year, but this is the first time that he has considered publishing it.)

April and May of each year witness the graduation of some hundreds of University students throughout Canada. This means the addition of the same number of trained brains to Canada's unemployed; for nearly every graduate is faced with the problem of obtaining a suitable position in which he can use his special training to the best advantage, both to himself and to Canadian industry. In many instances he finds, however, that no suitable opening offers itself. What, then, is he to do?

In general, he must choose between two alternatives: He may either remain in Canada and take his chance among the rest of Canada's unemployed of obtaining a job of any kind, temporarily, with the hope that, eventually, he will hear of an opening in his own particular field, or he may emigrate to the United States where the demand for Canadian trained brains exceeds the supply, and where he is almost certain to obtain a position which will lead to material success and prosperity.

In view of the apathetic attitude maintained by Canadian industry toward the employment of University graduates, the first statement is essentially true. Certainly, Canadian business does not seem alert to the possibilities of trained brains.

Before we consider this question further, let us compare the following figures:

There are in Canada 106 colleges, universities, and professional schools which in 1924, the last year for which totals are available, had an enrolment of 52,639 students. The

corresponding figures (1922) for the United States are 780 and 618,555. It takes only a minute's figuring to show that the United States is training university and college students on the basis of one in every 176 of its population, while Canada is training one in every 175. In other words, we are turning out practically the same number of university graduates as the United States, and no more. How is it, then, that the United States absorbs all its own graduates and no inconsiderable percentage of ours, while we do not absorb a quota which, relatively speaking, is no larger than theirs?

To use the words of W. A. Irwin, in a recent series of articles on this question in MacLean's Magazine, "Can it be that we are turning out the wrong kind of trained brains to suit our particular needs? Or is it, to use the words of Dr. H. M. Tory, formerly President of the University of Alberta, that we have not the brains, the courage, nor the will power to use the trained brains we are turning out?"

Let us consider the first of these two questions. A graduate of Dalhousie, now engaged in electrical research at Schenectady, writes: "Canada is suffering from too great an output of non-productive university graduates; too many lawyers, ministers and teachers who try to improve conditions by argument. The same effort spent in proper scientific development of natural resources and agriculture would go a long way toward putting Canada in better economic position, which, in turn, would tend to stop the flow to the United States."

Certainly, our system of higher education is open to criticism. Again, to quote W. A. Irwin, "During the year 1924, for instance, we were training 1,673 divinity students in twenty-eight theological colleges, whereas our efforts to meet the need for trained brains in agriculture were limited to the training of 1,214 students in six agricultural colleges. To say the least, the ratio, six to twenty-eight, strikes one as being incongruous in a country in which agriculture is the basic industry. And when one considers the relatively large number of Canadian theological graduates now in the United States,

it becomes obvious, I think, that migration of trained brains is definitely related to the misapplication of educational effort."

In consideration of the second question, the statement of Dr. H. M. Tory seems to be borne out by the facts. Prof. A. G. Huntsman, director of the Atlantic Fisheries Experimental Station, a research station maintained by the Marine Biological Board at Halifax, is authority for the statement that the annual revenue from the fisheries of the three eastern provinces could be multiplied ten times over, in other words, from \$17,000,000 to \$170,000,000. There are five universities in the two provinces of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, and, until recently, they were doing little or nothing to encourage study of the fisheries along scientific lines. Even today, there is nothing approaching a fisheries college in the Maritimes—and of all sections of the Dominion, the Maritimes have been the worst sufferers by reason of the migration from the universities.

If systematic research along scientific lines would so multiply our annual revenue from the fisheries, the possibilities of similar development of our mineral resources seems unlimited.

In view of the migration of Canadian University graduates to the United States, the following facts and figures, disclosed in a recent survey conducted by MacLean's Magazine, are rather startling.

Since the close of the war Eastern Canada has been exporting its university-trained brains at a rate anywhere from two to six times the rate of the aggregate emigration from the entire country for the same period.

The average rate of flow of our graduates from some of our larger universities during the years 1919 to 1926 was as follows:

University of Toronto: Graduates in medicine, twenty-eight per cent. emigrants to the United States; graduates in engineering, fourteen per cent.; graduates from all faculties, eleven per cent.

University of Western Ontario, London: Graduates in medicine, thirty-four per cent. emigrants to the United States; graduates from all faculties, fifteen per cent.

Acadia University, Wolfville, N.S.: Graduates from all faculties emigrants to the United States, thirty-six per cent.

Mount Allison University, Sackville, N.B.: Graduates from all faculties emigrants to the United States, seventeen per cent.

A survey of eight representative universities, scattered throughout the Dominion, shows that out of a total of 31,101 graduates, 4,132 are recorded as being resident in the United States. The drain on these eight universities represents a loss in potential earning power to this Dominion of more than \$247,000,000.

Two hundred and forty-seven millions of dollars! This only includes our loss from eight universities, and there are twenty-three universities in Canada, not to mention eighty-three colleges and professional schools! The total loss to Canada must be enormous. Small wonder that Mr. J. M. R. Fairbairn, chief engineer of the Canadian Pacific railway declares that "we need to put an end to the migration of technically trained men to the United States, both for patriotic and economic reasons."

There seems to be some hope, however. Recently a National Research Council has been formed; and prominent Canadian emigration authorities and business men are becoming alive to the situation and are already casting about for a remedy. It is to be hoped, then, that through the influences of these men the Canadian university graduate will ultimately be able to secure a position in Canada, in the field of work for which he has been specially trained. This will obviate the necessity of his removing to the United States to secure employment, and will keep Canadian trained brains in Canada, where they rightfully belong. This, in turn, will serve to increase our national prosperity.

## THE LUCKY TREE

(An Ulster tradition concerning certain trees. Good fortune attends all who drive a nail into the trunk of such a tree.)

"Good luck to you."  
The trees call out to every passerby, "Good luck to all who drive a nail in me,  
"For I am loved of gods.  
"Good luck to you  
"Who spare my mighty mass with hungry axe  
"Yet add a thread of iron to my frame  
"To keep me steadfast through unnumbered years.  
"Good luck to you  
"Who spare the unresisting life of fields  
"And make your heartfelt offering to their gods.  
"Great shall you grow, and mighty as an oak  
"And countless years shall see thy children's race.  
"Good luck to you  
"Who spare and help the tree."  
—O. R. W.

## AGE

They loved me well  
When I was young and fair to view.  
Too well indeed, for they  
Remained not true.  
But I, I loved each one that came to me,  
They were the young and gallant,  
brave to see.  
The stealthy years now claim me for  
their own  
And watch with jealous eyes lest I  
escape their hold;  
I laugh with men, but yet, when I'm  
alone  
I weep, for I am growing old.  
—O. R. W.

## CUTHBERT, THE CATFISH

By H. N. May

(I am indebted to my old shipmate, Cadet N. H. Lee, S.S. Stephen, whose subtle humour has made it possible for me to write this yarn.)

Cuthbert, as discerning readers will no doubt have gathered from our illuminating headline, was a catfish. Perhaps we should add that Cuthbert was not one of your ordinary weak-kneed specimens who go nosing around the galley refuse, but a real hundred-per-cent, two-finned, he-fish, who got up before breakfast to do physical jerks, and chewed tobacco whenever any kindly disposed marines expected in his direction.

In all Rio Harbour there was no catfish to compare with Cuthbert for speed, strength, or wile. It was even rumoured that he had once bitten the foot of a Booth Line lamp-trimmer, who was injudiciously painting the boat-topping with the water. True, there had been no witnesses of this daring deed, but the language heard from above, coupled with the fact that our hero had been ill for three days afterwards, was regarded by his admirers as conclusive evidence.

Now Cuthbert, for all his prowess, was but a human, or perhaps we should say, a piscine fish, and, being such, he had not unnaturally lost his manly, or rather fishy, heart to Flossie (yes, dear reader, here comes the love element), a pretty little brunette who lived under the next rock but one.

Flossie had shingled her dainty little tail, and permanently waved her neat little feelers. Altogether she was a vision dazzling enough to arouse a fiery passion in the breast of the most cold-blooded fish. No wonder poor Cuthbert took the count the first moment he set eyes on her. Ever since the memorable day when she graciously condescended to share with him a piece of tripe from "One o' Arrisons," he had absolutely worshipped the water she swam in.

True to her sex, Flossie was light-headed and impetuous; she would rashly dart at any tempting morsel she might see, utterly regardless of whether or not it was impaled on a hook. Cuthbert would follow her around in an agony of fear, entreating her to be more cautious, but she would merely laugh in his face and tell him not to be such a poor fish; to which poor Cuthbert would reply, miserably, that it was not his fault—he was born that way.

And then one day the inevitable happened. Flossie was circling around a colossal McGee liner, which had just dropped her anchor in the hope of something appetizing for lunch, and our ever-faithful Cuthbert was close astern. Suddenly, out of the blue, descended an appetizing piece of meat, dangled temptingly in front of them. "Oh!" cried Flossie in an ecstasy of delight, "do get it for me, Bertie; I just adore Bouchées à la Reine." "Do not be in too great a hurry, dearest," replied her wary swain. "It is probably attached to a hook; Glasgow ships do not throw away things like that for no reason whatever. Besides it is not a Bouchée à la Reine, it's a Kromesquik à la Russe."

"I tell you it's a Bouchée, and I want it," was the answer.

"Really, my love, it is not, and—" "Oh, all right, then; I'll get it for myself—coward!" said Flossie, tossing her little head. "And you needn't trouble about coming round to see me on Sunday evenings in future."

True to her sex, alas, how true! Before the dismayed Cuthbert could

## FOOTFALLS

Frequently they are brisk and businesslike. The clump has a solid, wholesome sound which leads you to the conclusion that the heels are medium and that their owner is a respectable, industrious individual who is returning from a journey of inquiry regarding Math. 7. Vastly impressed you resume your reading.

The next approach proclaims itself from afar off. It grows from a well-regulated loping sound into a brisk clatter as the lucky individual dashes past your door. "Phone call" is your inward comment; but not being of a jealous disposition you harbour no grudge.

Once more the silence is broken by the distant sound of dainty tripping feet. Suddenly it ceases, and is followed by a soft "pad, pad," varied only occasionally by the old familiar click. This strange indefinite compromise fascinates you. The gallant effort to keep the high heels from being objectionable is very touching and rather nerve-racking. You heave a sigh of relief as the effort is definitely abandoned for the good old clatter.

There follows a succession of brazen, shameless noise-makers, who come not in regular order, but at maddening intervals which goad you to action. But upon glaring into the face of the next arrival you are somewhat disconcerted to find that she is a mere transient, who does not live in your corridor or even on your floor. The words of forceful advice intended for your next door neighbor die on your lips as you retire, frustrated.

The echo of the alien's footsteps is still reverberating in the hall when a strange, familiar shuffle becomes audible. You wonder vaguely if she will get new ones for Christmas, as you offer a silent prayer of thanksgiving for the fact that all Pombinites do not wear bed-room slippers.

But the sound of a well-remembered step interrupts your musings, and in response to the inquiry you reply cheerfully, "Starved to death! Let's go!"

—H. J. S.

Gruff lived at one end of a long, green corridor, but they thought that it would be much easier to study at the other end of that corridor. Now, to get to the other end, they had to pass the door of a Troll.

First the Little Senior Pembinites Gruff started down the corridor.

"Trip-trap! trip-trap!" went her soft bedroom slippers.

"Who is trip-trapping down my corridor?" asked the Troll.

"It is only I, the Little Senior Pembinites Gruff."

"I'm coming out to fine you!" said the Troll.

"Oh, please don't fine me, fine Middle Sized Junior Pembinites Gruff. She makes much more noise than I do."

"Very well," said the Troll, "I won't fine you this time."

Then the Middle Sized Junior Pembinites Gruff decided to study at the other end of the corridor.

"Trip-trap! trip-trap!" went her oxford.

"Who is trip-trapping down my corridor?" cried the Troll.

"It is only I, the Middle Sized Junior Pembinites Gruff."

"I'm coming out to fine you!" cried the Troll.

"Oh, please don't fine me, fine the Great Big Freshette Pembinites Gruff. She makes much more noise than I do."

"Very well," said the Troll, "I won't fine you this time."

Just then the Great Big Freshette Pembinites Gruff began running down the corridor.

"Trip-trap! trip-trap!" went her high-heeled pumps.

"Who is trip-trapping down my corridor?" roared the Troll, by this time very angry.

"It is I, the Great Big Freshette Pembinites Gruff!"

"I am coming out to fine you!" roared the Troll.

And she did.

—E. A. W.



Damon—  
"Hey, there! Aren't you a friend of mine?"

Pythias—  
"I certainly am. I'd do anything in the world for you. Yes, anything!"

Damon—  
"All right—prove it! Give me back that Eldorado pencil you borrowed last night."

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## University Club Activities

### TWENTY CLUB

Members of the newly-formed Twenty Club met for an interesting hour on Monday. Several new persons were present and expressed their desire to become members. In view of the number of individuals who are anxious to be admitted to the club the members decided to encourage anyone interested to attend the next three or four meetings. Those who by that time have been regular and prompt in attendance and in other ways have shown a real interest in dramatic reading, will become bona-fide members of the permanent Twenty Club. It was also decided to collect a small fee from the members.

J. M. Barrie's "What Every Woman Knows," which is the play at present being read, is one of general human interest, which lends itself readily to oral interpretation. The six members who participated in the reading succeeded admirably in holding the attention and interest of their hearers. More than one laugh was elicited by the humorous lines of the play, and when the lateness of the hour caused the meeting to disperse general approbation was voiced at the satisfactory manner in which the club is growing and developing into a worth-while organization.

### COMMERCE CLUB

The Commerce Club held its first meeting at 4:30 on Friday, October 19th, in A-139. The attendance was quite good, except for the fact that there were no ladies present, which grieved the hearts of the Commerce students. President Lee Cameron opened the meeting by calling for nominations for year representatives. The following were elected: Fourth year rep., Rachel Horner; third year rep., Frank Barclay; second year rep., Montgomery. As none of the Freshmen present were desirous of a position on the Executive, a first year representative will be elected at the next meeting. The next question brought up was that of fees. A lively discussion followed, in which the students showed a truly remarkable knowledge of economics. It was finally decided that the fee for the coming year be one dollar, and that a campaign for members be started immediately. The question of activities for the year was also brought up, but was postponed until the Executive has had time to meet and formulate some definite plans. The meeting was then adjourned. Another will be held in the near future to hear the plans of the Executive to make this a "bumper year" for the Commerce Club.

### CHEM CLUB

The first meeting of the Chemical Club was held on Wednesday, Oct. 24th, in Room 148 Medical Building. A few items of business were first considered, the foremost of these being the question of fees for the coming year. After some discussion it was decided to raise the fees to 75 cents. The president then outlined the proposed program for the winter, which included, among other things, one or two moving picture films of chemically controlled industries, such as, for instance, the manufacture of "Crisco."

Mr. W. D. Kemp then gave a very interesting paper on "The Utilization of Coal." In his paper, Mr. Kemp first dealt with the making of water gas and methyl alcohol by the replacing of carbon monoxide by hydrogen. He then dealt with the Burgess process of hydrogenation of coal for the production of oil. This process is in commercial use in Germany, and gives about 70 per cent. oil production, using a bituminous coal. In conclusion, Mr. Kemp pointed out that either of these two processes could be used on Alberta coal.

### MED CLUB

The first general meeting of the Med Club for this term was held Wednesday evening, October 17, in Athabasca Lounge. Almost 100 students were present, all the years being well represented. In his opening remarks, President Alexander welcomed all new members from the first and second years. He mentioned the fact that all the classes but one were represented on our championship team that went to Winnipeg. A round of lusty applause was given to the athletes.

Dr. E. Smith, who is honorary president of the club, then presented a very interesting and entertaining address on the History of Urology. He traced through the development of this science from the time of the ancient Greeks to its present important position in the medical arts.

The musical side of the program was upheld by John MacGregor, who rendered two vocal solos, and Reg. Hart, who played a couple of violin selections. The latter part of the evening was spent in partaking of excellent refreshments, smokes and the business of getting acquainted.

### WHY CALCULUS?

At its first meeting on Tuesday, October 30th, the Math Club will hold a debate on the importance of Calculus. Messrs. A. E. Rosborough and G. B. Taylor will introduce the proposal that Calculus should appear earlier. The negative will be upheld by Mr. R. S. Sheppard and Dr. O. J. Walker.

### VARSITY TAKES CALGARY TIGERS INTO CAMP TO THE TUNE OF 18-1

(Continued from page four)

division did not seem to pull together. They got off on the wrong foot and never regained their step. Fidler, the Big Train, did a little shunting, but made no non-stop runs. He simply couldn't get away, and time and time again he was nailed in his tracks. The same is true to a more less extent of the other members of the Tiger backfield. McLeod tried hard, but couldn't get under way. The little Semkowicz made one or two nice gains, but that was all. Jenkins appeared to be the best of the lot. The bullet-like speed with which he hit the line is good for gains on any team, but he was over-used, and was unable to keep up the pace. A substitute by the name of McCallum got on in time to make two fine runs, but he was used too late in the game to be dangerous. The Calgary line was heavy, but it sagged badly at critical moments, and the quarterback, Ross Henderson, had a tough day of it in calling signals.

The Tigers had an off-day—they couldn't seem to get under way.

**Varsity's Team Will Do**  
Every one of the eighteen players who participated in Saturday's game turned in a creditable performance. Here are some of the things they did: Fred Hess turned in one of the best gridiron performances of his career and confined himself to scoring 13 of the team's 18 points. Mickey Timothy again thrilled the crowd with his tricky end runs. The time he dodged away from three surrounding Calgary Tigers to gain 30 yards will be remembered in history. Bill Shandro's defensive work at the wing stood out brilliantly. Bill sure hits 'em hard. Gus Runge was the same old Gus—run, tackle and plunge, and you can't hurt him. MacCallum stood at the quarterback's position for part of the game, and the team went ahead without him calling a single signal—how's that?

Bob Prittie filled in well in the backfield, where he played a heady game. Dan Driscoll showed that he could also call the plays, and he also brought more than one man down. McDougall filled in admirably—he plays any position. Allan Hall at snap played a fine game. How he snapped the ball without a miscue for the whole game and at the same time managed to drag down his opponents is still a mystery. The Big Four, the brothers O'Brien, Siebert and Brown, performed like heroes. These men can clip them down and tackle them hard. The three reliables who performed at end, Herb Hutton, Ad Wilson and Lyle Pearlman, were just about as good as anybody would want to see. They let nary a man by, and they were down on Fred's punts every time, either for a tackle or a rouge. The two substitute linemen, Menzies and Huxley, got into the game several times, and each made a good job—these two have to be versatile to play wherever required, inside, middle or any other place, and they show up well at all positions.

The regulars who were out on account of injuries will have to console themselves with the thought of the coming games—in which they will see action either on the field or from the side-lines.

The game was one of the best exhibitions of rugby ever seen at the gridiron, and a large crowd was on hand to see the student victory.

### WAUNEITA DANCE A CHARMING PRANCE

Two Hundred and Fifty Couples Enjoy First Formal Dance of Season

A huge black cat, quite calm despite excitement aroused by the morning, maintained a vigilant watch over the enthusiastic dancers of Friday evening, who accepted the call of the tom-tom to make merry.

The patronesses for the occasion—Mrs. W. A. R. Kerr, Mrs. E. A. Howes, Mrs. Cecil E. Race, and Miss Dodd—were introduced by Miss Mary Lehmann, President of the Wauneita Society. Representing the faculty also were Dr. and Mrs. MacEachran,

## FLOWERY SPEECHES AT SOPH MEETING

### Gerald Burke Elected President of Sophomore Class by Acclamation

A meeting of the Soph Class was held in Arts 111 at 4:30 p.m., Wednesday, October 17, Past President Al Harding presiding.

The purpose of the meeting was to give candidates an opportunity

### FIFI—

Fifi has  
A nifty form,  
Also a temper  
Like a storm.

Fifi's hair  
Is black as jet,  
Her technique's perfect  
On how to pet.

Fifi's ear  
Is like a shell—  
I wish she'd hear  
But wouldn't tell.

Fifi's lips  
Are red as flame,  
All the boys  
Have kissed the same.

Fifi's smile  
Can knock 'em cold—  
Also bring 'em  
To the fold.

Fifi sports  
A wicked line,  
I'd like to claim her  
All for mine.

Fifi shakes  
A nifty limb,  
The boys all know  
That Fifi's slim.

Keep 'em guessing,  
Every man—  
Some girls can't,  
But Fifi can.

—O. R. W.

## TENNIS SEASON NEARLY ENDED

### Mixed Doubles Now Completed and Other Events Soon Will Be

Another Varsity tennis tournament is drawing to a close, and although some of the old favorites are still in the running, there have been plenty of upsets to provide interest. Several of the supposedly invincible veterans have fallen before the onslaught of youth. And as the finals are reached in each event there will probably be more spills. The Freshmen will gloat and say, "How are the mighty fallen!"

As we go to press, only one event has been completed. This is the mixed doubles, in which Gaetz and Miss McMahon have emerged victorious over Morton and Miss Reed. The ladies' singles have nearly reached the semi-finals, Miss McMahon and Miss Brandon being already in the finals. The men are even farther behind; there are still several matches in the eights to be played; and Morton is the only man to have gained the fours.

In the doubles, Dumouchel and Prittie meet Kilburn and Nicol in the semi-finals. Meantime Montgomery and Giffen, having disposed of Morton and Wilson, are waiting patiently for their victims in the finals.

Such is the present standing. Finals are very close and titles are daily changing hands. May the best man win!

### VICE-PRESIDENT



JEAN CAMPBELL

Vice-President-elect of the Senior Class

Dean Boyle, Dean and Mrs. Weir, and Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Burt.

About two hundred and fifty couples enjoyed a momentary fascination incited by the bewitching musical melodies very ably supplied by the Varsity Special Orchestra. At various times these same couples swayed here and there, carefully avoiding the short rays shed from the daintily shaded lights. There were several rendezvous which were in general demand throughout the evening, but like an oasis in the desert one, a mere spot in a corner, the size of a door, offered a great deal of pleasure.

In contrast with the similar affair of the previous season, was a noticeable degree of formality, but even this did not prevent the motto "Payuk uche Kukeyou, Kukeyou uche Payuk," from being featured to the limit in respect to an ideal time.

to expound their views. The speeches in the main were excellent, but as in all other elections, the speakers cannot be held responsible for what they said.

First Gerald Burke outlined in a few flowery statements his future policy, which he had no intention of carrying out. He then congratulated the retiring executive upon their efficiency. This was merely according to convention. He really meant that they were inefficient, and that he intended to run the entire show for the coming year himself.

Louis Whitehorn, in a very subtle way, made a few remarks which went over the heads of the listeners. He was elected anyway, so it didn't matter.

Isabel Kippen made numerous rash promises that would not otherwise have been made had she known she would have no opposition.

Vince Allen made a short, brilliant speech to the effect that he would support Gerald Burke in all his activities.

K. Craig had the most winning way of obtaining votes. She showed exceptionally ability in that she delivered a speech in favour of her opponent, Theo Hopkins, who was absent.

Jack Batson followed the general procedure, but added that if elected he would do his utmost to secure permission for Freshettes to attend the Tuck after House Dances.

Sophs, watch Bob O'Farrell! He may sue the class for damages in case of accident while carrying out his executive duties.

Ned Price arose to pronounce the benediction, and the meeting closed with a rumble from the gallery, which was Jack Agnew making an announcement.

Elections were held in the basement of the Arts Building, Friday, Oct. 19, and resulted as follows:

President: Gerald Burke (acclamation).  
Vice-President: Isabel Kippen (acclamation).  
Sec.-Treas.: Louis Whitehorn (acclamation).  
Executive: K. Craig, J. Batson, R. O'Farrell.

### NOTICE

The first public meeting of the Philosophical Society will be held in the Medical Building, Wednesday, October 31st, at 8:15 p.m. Lecturer: Mr. A. E. Ottewill. Subject: "The Educational Handicaps of the Rural Community."

### PARLIAMENTARY DEBATE

The Parliamentary Debates, which proved so popular and interesting last year, will be resumed this term. The first session will be held tonight at 8 o'clock in the Common Room. The subject will be: "Resolved that there is no room for any faculty but that of Arts in this University."

Everyone is welcome to attend the meeting and say their say.

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## High Shots and Backfires

(Notes from an Engineer's Diary)

This is a column written for and by Engineers, and any feeble attempts at humor are not meant to give the impression that we are in competition with "Casserole." News items of interest to Engineers will be appreciated, and should be left at The Gateway office.

The Engineers take pride in noting the election of Jack Batson and Bob O'Farrell to the Sophomore executive. These manipulators of slide rule and transit should be able to render valuable assistance in financial dealings.

Fashion note: Moustaches will not be the thing for men this winter—vide Robert Mair.

We hope that Dr. McLeod will soon have recovered from his recent operation.

H. R. M. Acheson is still searching for a Freshette who will be interested in an Engineer. He wishes to be able to sing:

She likes—Engineers,  
Though Engineers drink forty beers;  
She likes Engineers,  
That's my weakness now.

The Saskatchewan Varsity paper, The Sheaf, reports that in the inter-faculty track meet a young man nearly went back to nature in the high jump. He must have been an engineer. The number of clothes he had on varied inversely as the height of the bar. Needless to say, the judges hastily called the event a draw. The jumper says he'd have won if the ladies had left the field.

Harold Wright and Norman McLeod are two engineers proving supremacy of the men of science on the track. The Ag-Sci rugby team is another proof of our athletic ability. —FAGNIP.

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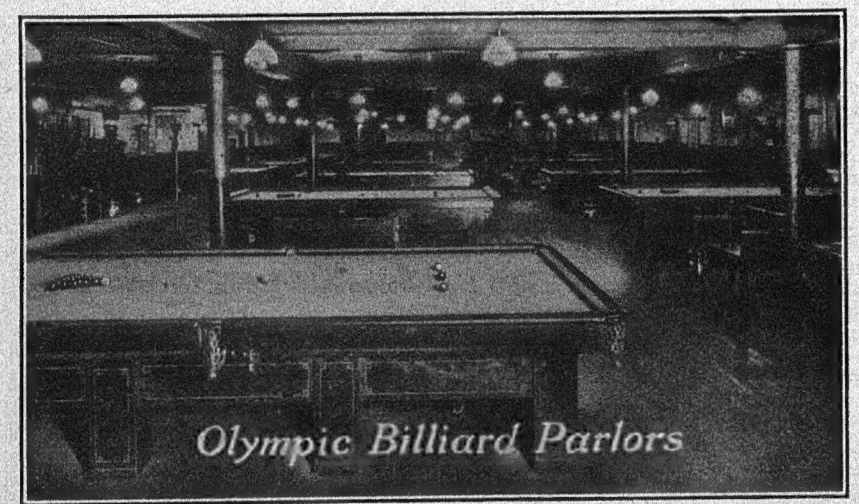
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